

The POLITICK LOVERS;

Or, The Young Gentleman's Frolick:

Outwitting his Sweetheart with a BOTTLE of SACK.

YOU lovers of England, whatever you be,
Encompas'd with sorrow, draw near unto me,
I'll sing you a ditty, will make you to smile,
Then prithee now give attention awhile.

A squire near Bristol did live, as we hear,
Who courted a lady both charming and fair,
For two years together, but scornful she prov'd,
And never would shew him one token of love.

His passion was more than he well could bear,
Sometimes by himself he would fall in despair.
With tears in his eyes many times he did cry,
Be kinder, dear jewel, or else I shall die.

Then oftentimes he to her chamber did go,
And begg'd of this lady some favour to show,
But all his endeavours still proved in vain,
He could not the least of her favour obtain.

This lady was scornful to him, as we hear,
But yet in her heart she loved him dear;
But gave him cross answers, her father to please,
So that this poor gentleman never took ease.

His love was so great that he could it not bear,
Which drove him quite to the point of despair,
Resolved he was, if she'd not be his wife,
With a dose of strong poison to finish his life.

In the height of his passion he quickly did his
Unto a young doctor that lived hard by;
His words were, Doctor, I am in great need,
A dose of strong poison I must have with speed.

The doctor said, You shall have no poison here,
Without you will give an account what 'tis for:
Sir, there may be danger of such things as these,
Pray give me a reason for that, if you please.

In tears strait he called the doctor aside,
And being together he thus then reply'd:
Sir, I am in love with a young lady fair,
But she is both scornful, sharp, and severe.

My sorrows are more than a man can endure,
There's no man alive my distemper can cure;
There's none can think of the pains I have,
This night I'm resolved to go to my grave.

The doctor smil'd, and made this reply,
Sir, 'tis a scandal for love to die;
A woman's a thing that may quickly be won,
So be ruled by me, and we'll manage the fun.

I have a fine cordial, that's nice, fine and clear,
It will quicken your hearts, and your spirits cheer,
If you can dissemble the matter but clean,
I'll make no doubt but the lady you'll gain.

Go unto her chamber, and ask her once more,
And if you find her as cross as before,

Then shew her the bottle, and turn it off quick,
And tell her 'tis poison, tho' nothing but sack.

But I'll make a bargain, to which you must stand,
And give me a paper under your hand,
That if you get the Lady, when in marriage bound
That morn you shall pay me two hundred pound.

The young spark agreed that it should be so;
And learning his lesson, away he did go,
And found his fair love in the chamber alone,
To whom he began thus to make his moan.

O fairest of creatures, said he, here behold
A loyal heart, dying, both trembling and cold,
O do not deny me, one smile let me have,
Or send me down quickly to the silent grave.

The lady she made him this scornful reply,
There's none who speak on't, for love will die;
My father's a man I will not disoblige,
Then strait from her lover she turn'd in a rage.
He snatch'd up the bottle; and said, Welcome death,
In thy fight I'm resolv'd to finish my breath;
In this dose of poison some ease will be found.
He drank it off present, and fell to the ground.



His eyes open wide, and teeth set in his head,
The young lady fancy'd her lover was dead,
With shrieks and cries down stairs she run,
And cry'd I'm for ever, for ever undone.

The father and mother in a fright run up stairs,
The politick squire, just as they came near,
Was heaving his body, and rolling his eyes,
Which made them burst out into thund'ring cries.

The lady kiss'd him, and thus did reply,
Come tell me dear jewel, before that you die,
Who sold you this poison? O tell unto me,
If it cost an hundred pound hang'd he shall be.

He sigh'd out his name: It was no sooner done,
But strait in a rage to the doctor she run;
You have murder'd my jewel; to finish the strife,
I'll have you hang'd If it cost me my life.

Dear beautiful lady, the doctor reply'd,
Be rul'd by your friend, and be satisfy'd.
I'll go along with you; if he be alive,
I have a fine cordial that will him revive.

When he came to the house, the Squire to see
He on a fine couch by the fire did lie.
Both quaking and shaking his legs as he lay.
Which made the sham-doctor turn, and thus say:

Dear madam, I fear the 'squire will die
Which made the young lady lament and cry:
Ah! if it be so I will die with my dear.
The doctor said, madam, be pleased to hear:

Child, here is a thing, If you'll take my advice,
If that you'll be quick 'twill be done in a trice.
Then send for the parson before 'tis too late,
And marry him, so you may get his estate.

Her parents persuaded her to do this thing,
When strait an old parson that minute came in.
Marry'd they were, tho' the bridegroom was weak
Yet nevertheless he made shift to speak.

When marriage was over and things were done,
He started upright, to the lady he run.
And said, my dear jewel, be not in a fright,
If you're cross to-day I'll please you at night.

The father did stare, and the mother likewise,
So did the poor lady, with tears in her eyes.
He said, my jewel, off with this black,
I never knew a man that was poison'd with sack.

The father and mother smil'd, tho' being old,
And gave three thousand pounds in bright gold.
Saying, when we die you shall have more than that.
For we love a man with a politic pate.

While full flowing bumpers of claret went round,
He threw the doctor down two hundred pound;
And said, To my death I shall ever love you,
Because to my end you prov'd loyal and true.

Soon after the lady grew big with child,
He stroak'd her belly, and kissing her, smil'd.
Saying, Do you repent, love for being my wife?
I think I have poison you now to the life.

She being deliver'd, he hearing of this,
He went to the bed-side and gave her a kiss.
And wish'd her much joy of her young son.
See you, my dear, what the poison has done.

You young men and maidens, wherever you be,
Do you but read these verses you plainly shall see,
There's many by fortune are left in the lurch,
Then pray now be careful of loving too much.

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